

The Democrat.

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D. C. CUNNINGHAM, Ed. and Prop.

DONIPHAN, MO., May, 19, 1918

Political Announcements.

ANNOUNCEMENT FEE PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

We are authorized to announce the persons whose names appear below, as candidates for the Democratic nomination for the various offices subject to the will of the voters as expressed at the general primary election to be held under the laws of the state of Missouri, on Tuesday, August 1st, 1918.

For Judge Springfield Court of Appeals.
JOHN H. BRADLEY, of Kennett.

For Treasurer.
W. F. McCLAIN.

For Prosecuting Attorney.
GEORGE D. SLOAN.

For Sheriff.
ROBT. J. ROUSE.

J. ED. SHIPMAN.

For Associate Judge County Court, Eastern District.
ROBT. O. MARLIN.

For Assessor.
A. L. PICKETT.

A. Y. MOORE.

PRESS BUREAU PARAGRAPHS.

How about the hair dye, Mr. Swanger? Did the political and brewery dye applied to your dry views by Hank Weeks, Tub Becker and Nat Goldstein work the same transformation as the hair dye?

The Kaiser made a wry face, then yielded to President Wilson's demands and we are to have peace and friendly relations. The wry face was intended for the belicose element of Germany and didn't nettle us. All we ask is for them to keep their word. The ugly face will wear off.

The people can see the books in the Auditor's and Treasurer's offices any time. Having no axe to grind they can examine and tell the truth. The Jefferson City correspondents of the G.-D. and Pee Dee, having the lamentable habit of inaccurate statements, can't tell the truth after looking over the records; at least they don't.

Now that the Kaiser and the better elements of Germany have fully and frankly acknowledged the justice of President Wilson's demands and the German government specifically promised to comply with them, the critics of the administration's policy and those howling that the neutrality of our government is false, and left in a sorry predicament. They ought to have decency enough to take their copperhead principles and sink away with the other whipped curs.

Republican politicians of St. Louis representing the brewers have been looking over the Republican candidates for Governor. John Swanger recently submitted himself to them for examination and approval. To state no Democratic candidate has presented himself to the brewery bunch for inspection. This arrogant element is chiefly Republican and knows that the Republican party is the party of tender care for the special privilege interests and indifferent concern for the masses.

The facts brought out in Governor Major's recent statement that there was almost one million dollars in the interest fund in the State treasury and several hundred thousand dollars surplus in a number of special funds which cannot be used, and if these were made available the State would have an abundance

in the general revenue, almost choked the Globe-Democrat. It has grown black in the face trying to explain away this showing of a full treasury, able to provide for every necessity of the State by a simple transfer of money from the surplus in special funds to the general revenue, the only fund needing enlargement. The Governor's declaration that he intends calling the attention of the next Legislature to these simple remedies, which if carried out, will meet the demands and needs of the State, incensed the Globe-Democrat and his allies in the propaganda intended to make the people believe the State finances are in a hopeless tangle. In a few words, the Governor showed the utter falsity of all the statements of the propagandists relative to State finances and the impossibility of their dire promises concerning the same coming to pass. Before this is half over the G.-D., Pee Dee and their coadjutors will be the most discredited bunch of campaign liars ever discovered in the history of political agitation.

Notice To School Fund Borrowers.

Notice is hereby given to all persons who have school funds borrowed and whose interest is past due, to pay said interest not later than June 20th, 1918, or failing to do so, foreclosure for both principal and interest will be ordered. By order of the County Court.
JOHN J. KENNON, Clerk.
May 6, 1918.

County Clerk J. J. Kennon, Editor E. C. White, County Surveyor Tom Johnson and Merchant T. L. Moore made an automobile trip to Poplar Bluff Wednesday evening, returning home yesterday morning.

Rheumatic Pain Stopped
The drawing of muscles, the soreness, stiffness and agonizing pain of Rheumatism quickly yield to Sloan's Liniment. It stimulates circulation to the painful part. Just apply as directed to the sore spots. In a short time the pain gives way to a tingling sensation of comfort and warmth. Here's proof—"I have had wonderful relief since I used your liniment on my knees. Mo think one application gave me relief. Sorry I haven't space to tell you the history. Thanking you for what your remedy has done for me"—James S. Ferguson, Philadel., Pa. Sloan's Liniment kills pain. 35c. at Druggists.

Mrs. Tom Hall left today noon for Paris, Tenn., where she will visit at her old home for some time.

"Rough on Rats" ends rats, mice, bugs, die outdoors. Unbeatable exterminator. Used world over, by U. S. Gov't. Economy size 25c. or 15c. Drug and country stores. Refuse substitutes. Free Comic Picture R-E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J. 27-6c.

Dave Danner went over to Poplar Bluff Thursday morning to visit for a day or so.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children
For Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and are a pleasant remedy for worms. Used by mothers for 28 years. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. 25-4t

J. M. Harrison and wife returned to Augusta, Ark., the first of the week, after spending some time here visiting.

Avoid Spring Colds
Sudden changes, high winds, shifting seasons cause colds and grippe, and these spring colds are annoying and dangerous and are likely to turn into a chronic summer cough. In such cases take a treatment of Dr. King's New Discovery. It soothes the Larynx, breaks the cold and helps break up an attack of grippe. It is already prepared, no mixing or fussing. Just ask your druggist for a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery. Tested and tried for over 40 years.

Mrs. Elsie Murphy, aged 21 years, wife of J. C. Murphy, of near Kingboe, died at her home Wednesday night. The burial will take place at the Murphy Cemetery near Kingboe.

Keep Your Skin Clear
There is only one way to have a clear, healthy complexion and that is to keep the bowels active and regular. Dr. King's New Life Pills will make your complexion healthy and clear, move the bowels gently, stimulate the liver, cleanse the system and purify the blood. A splendid spring medicine. 25c. at your Druggist.

Lloyd, the one year old son of Joe Kennen and wife, of Briar Creek, died Wednesday morning, of infantile troubles.

A Good Family Syrup
Can be made by mixing Pine-Tar, Aconite, Sugar, Honey, Sassafras, Peppermint, Ipecac, Rhubarb, Mandrake, Capsicum, Muric Acid, Ammonia, Honey and Glycerine. It is pleasant, healing and soothing, raises the phlegm, gives almost instant relief. For convenience of those who prefer not to fuss it is supplied ready made in 35c. bottles under name of Dr. King's Pine-Tar-Honey. Can be had at your druggist. Insist on getting Dr. King's Pine-Tar-Honey and see that the formula is on the package.

SUBLIME COURAGE AS IT IS SEEN IN THE HOSPITALS BEHIND VERDUN

Unconquerable Spirit of the French Soldier Is Manifested at Receiving Stations, Where Str of Battle and Incentive to Brave Deeds Are Lacking—Day With Wounded Described in Graphic Letter From Noted Writer.

Paris.—The unconquerable spirit of the French soldier, as manifested in the field hospital to which the American ambulance among others hurry the seriously wounded from the relief stations in the immediate rear of the fighting lines at Verdun, is told in graphic fashion by a noted French writer, A. Vollis, as a result of a trip which he was permitted to make in the fifth week of the great battle.

"On the previous day," he writes, "the great guns had been roaring unceasingly, with a hoarse, thunderous noise and with formidable explosions of fury which made the windows rattle and caused the last of the snow to fall from the roofs. On this morning the silence is almost complete.

"It is a sign that the infantry is attacking," says the sergeant in charge of supplies, who is something of a strategist. "We are soon going to be busy."

"Very soon the dull roll of the ambulances is heard. It can be recognized among the bounding and tearing noises of the ordinary wagons.

"The bell rings three times, which means that there are three wounded men, and the litters are hurriedly brought out into the yard.

"The stretcher is always the cause of a special touch of emotion. Will they be able to save the wounded man? Is it life or is it death? Glad to be alive.

"In the case of the two first comers there is nothing serious to fear. They are two sublieutenants, two boys, and they have become acquainted on the way. Although their looks are still full of astonished stupefaction, they try to laugh, happy at having fought well and at being alive, even merely alive, although a thigh has been broken and a lung pierced. One of them has his helmet tightly pressed on his breast.

"No, don't take it away; don't take it away," he pleads. "I shall take it to bed with me; it is my friend, my savior, and he points to an enormous slash in the blue wool. To think that I came off so easy! With only a damaged leg."

"The other smiles gently as he breathes heavily. He is blond, with a light down on his cheeks and his eyes are blue, and his whole appearance boyish.

"Lieutenant," says the attendant who is emptying his pockets, "you have a military card and letters which are not in your name."

"The young man raises his eyebrows.

"Oh, yes, I remember," he says suddenly. "I had just been hit, and they placed me against the tank; I was nearly frozen and my teeth were chattering. In the neighborhood a company was about to start to the attack. Then one of the soldiers, an old fellow with a big mustache and kindly eyes, leaned over me and said, 'You are cold, poor boy.' He took off his coat and threw it over me, and then I saw him running in his shirtless to catch up with the others."

"Here is a photograph of his wife and children," said the attendant, "and also his purse."

"It was a worn leather purse, with a gold piece, a few cents, and three cigarettes in it, the entire fortune of the poilu.

"What a good fellow," sighs the little lieutenant. "I don't know him and it would not be easy to find him now; it will be a case for the special bureau."

"A major and a captain," announces an ambulance driver.

The Dying Major.

"The major's gray head shakes with the movement of the carriers. His eyelids are like dark cavities in a face frightfully discolored. His purple lips continuously murmur words in a spasmodic and touching way: 'Quick—Telephone—They are holding—More munitions—Ah, the fine boys!—They have got there—Fine!'

"Someone raises the covering, and from the neck to the foot the great body of the major is revealed, wound up in reddened bandages, like a mummy in rusted strips. At the first relief post they had not spared their pains in dressing his wounds.

"Are you suffering, major?" he is asked.

"His eyelids slowly uncover the already dimmed pupils. His distant look turns to the fresh face of the attendant and to the white cap of the nurse, and then, with a peculiar accent of gentleness and exhaustion, he says: 'No, my boy; no, my little girl.'

"His eyelids drop suddenly, closed forever.

"Madame," an attendant says to the chief nurse, "please tell the captain that he is not reasonable. He wants to get into bed by himself, and he has a fragment of shell in his side."

"The captain is a young officer of chasseur, slender, vigorous, with his cap on his ear. Seated on the stretcher, he is making efforts to rise, and a little grimace twists his mouth.

"Madame," he says, "I present my compliments. I don't want to be carried. I am not a little girl. What would my chassours say? Ah, madame, the fine boys, the fine boys! If you had seen them climb out of the trenches to attack the flood of Ger-

mans, and they fell; I saw them fall; my sergeants, my lieutenants, my orderly—and he was such a good boy; but the others kept on running forward. It was magnificent. And then this wretched piece of shell caught me in the ribs, and how those boys looked after me. They carried me in an overcoat, and when a shell exploded they lay down on me, they actually covered me with their bodies. And to think that I left them out there all alone, my chassours, my boys!"

"My boys," sounded strange from so young an officer.

"Yes, madame, I promise you I am going to be calm. I have now plenty of time. What, help me to undress? Ah, no, thanks; not that."

"Well," said the nurse with a sigh, "that means 104 degrees of fever this evening."

"Gradually the beds are filled. Each little room has its share of suffering—of silent suffering. The seriously wounded do not complain much.

The chief surgeon and his assistants come along. He has just left the operating room; his linen coat is stained with blood and he holds his hands, covered with rubber gloves, high in the air. Under his white cap his face, crossed by a thin mustache, appears thin and hollow, with the strained, sharp expression evoked by a day of work at high pressure.

He stops before each bed, consults the chart, makes a brief examination and pronounces a few brief words. No time to lose, for there will be operations all night long.

The Battle With Death.

"Send this one to the operating room at once. Yes, captain; it will be a quick affair. Send that one next. Give him 500 centilles of serum in the meantime. Give that other one camphorated oil, maximum dose."

"It is the bitter, determined struggle against death, which is eagerly on the watch.

"There is a more lengthy delay at the bed of a lieutenant who has just been brought in. His stiff hair is curly and his face is like a sculpture in clear bronze. His eyes are of a bright, clear color and they look sharply at the faces that bend over him.

"All right!" says the surgeon at last, in a gentle voice. His eyes wandered to the bed table and he observed an open letter in a graceful feminine handwriting, on which the three words, "I love you!" stand out sharply. He covered up the wounded officer and tucked in the covering around him quite tenderly.

"We shall not touch you tonight," he adds. "You are not suffering too much? Good, you will have a sedative. Rest well and good-night."

"As the surgeon leaves the room he makes a gesture across his abdomen from one side to the other and whispers: 'He is lost; cut right across. He has no pulse and he will not live till morning. And what a magnificent boy; such courage and such a brave look. It's dreadful to feel that one can do nothing.'

"Madame, the lieutenant with the curly hair wishes to speak to you," says an attendant. The nurse returns to the room on the tips of her toes.

"Madame," the lieutenant says calmly, "I ask for you because I am lost."

The Great Sacrifice.

"You lost! Why talk such foolishness?"

"Thanks, madame, but it is useless to deceive me. I am lost; I feel it, and I know it. Oh, I am not complaining; so many of my comrades are gone. It was my turn; that's all. Besides, I have the immense joy of knowing that I die for something. They will not get to Verdun and they are wearing out. Only (and he turns to the darkening window), only I would have liked to see the sun again. Madame, I have some letters here and a photograph. Will you do me the favor to burn them?"

The bronzed hand reaches out and seizes the papers on the table and presses them over his breast, which rises in a sigh. For a brief moment his fingers tremble and his mouth contracts. Then he holds out the papers.

"Take them, Thanks."

"He is silent. His sacrifice has been consummated. Tears fall from the nurse's eyes on her white bodice and on the love letters, which she presses tight.

"My mother," begins the lieutenant again.

"Do you wish to dictate a letter for her?"

"There is a pause. 'No; I am not strong enough. You will tell her. You will know best how to tell her.'

"His eyes close, and then all at once they open again.

"My notebook. All my war life is inscribed in it, day by day. I have entered the date of my wound. When all is over, will you please add the day and the hour?"

"The nurse nods her head affirmatively.

"Thanks once more, madame; you are kind. You must not cry. Go back to the others, who need you more. Good-night, madame."

Order of Publication.

State of Missouri, ss.
County of Ripley, ss.
In the Circuit Court of Ripley County, Mo., to the June Term, A. D. 1918.
George Frank, Plaintiff, vs. John F. Martin, David Forest, Ervin Forrest, W. E. Forrest, William E. Forrest, Jonathan Turner, George T. Copeland, George T. Coplin, Richard A. Lehr, James H. Lucas, Martin A. Adams and J. M. Childress. The unknown heirs, consorts, devisees, donees, assignees, immediate means or remote, voluntary or involuntary grantees of the following named persons, deceased, John F. Martin, David Forest, Ervin Forrest, W. E. Forrest, William E. Forrest, Jonathan Turner, George T. Copeland, George T. Coplin, Richard A. Lehr, James H. Lucas and J. M. Childress, Defendants.

The State of Missouri, to the above named defendants, Greeting:
You are hereby notified that the above named plaintiff has on this 27th day of April, A. D. 1918, duly commenced an action against you in the Circuit Court of Ripley County, Missouri, the purpose of which is to try and determine the estate title and interest of plaintiff and defendant in and to the following described real estate: The northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section nine and the east half of the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of the west half of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section five, all in township twenty-two, north range four east.

And if the court shall find that the plaintiff is the owner of said land, to preclude and bar said defendants from thereafter setting up any title or claim to said property, which said action is returnable on the first day of the next term of said court, to be held at the Court House in the City of Doniphan, Ripley County, Missouri, on the 26th day of June, A. D. 1918, when and where you may appear and defend said action otherwise plaintiff's petition will be taken as confessed and judgment rendered accordingly.

You are further notified that the petition filed with the undersigned clerk in vacation, is verified by the affidavit of George D. Sloan, attorney of record for plaintiff, and alleges that plaintiff verily believes that there are persons interested in the subject matter of the petition whose names he cannot insert therein because they are unknown to him; that said unknown defendants have obtained and derive their claims to the real estate hereinbefore described from John F. Martin, deceased, David Forest, deceased, Ervin Forrest, deceased, W. E. Forrest, deceased, William E. Forrest, deceased, Jonathan Turner, deceased, George T. Copeland, deceased, George T. Coplin, deceased, Richard A. Lehr, deceased, James H. Lucas, deceased, Martin A. Adams, deceased, and J. M. Childress, deceased, as heirs, consorts, devisees, donees, assignees, immediate means or remote, voluntary or involuntary grantees of John F. Martin, David Forest, deceased, Ervin Forrest, deceased, W. E. Forrest, deceased, William E. Forrest, deceased, Jonathan Turner, deceased, George T. Copeland, deceased, George T. Coplin, deceased, Richard A. Lehr, deceased, James H. Lucas, deceased, Martin A. Adams, deceased, and J. M. Childress, deceased, that the foregoing is a true correct and complete recital and description of the claims and titles of said unknown defendants and how such claims and titles are derived as same are known to plaintiff.

It is further ordered that a copy hereof be published in the RIPLEY COUNTY DEMOCRAT, a newspaper published in the County of Ripley for four weeks successively, the last insertion to be at least thirty days before the first day of the next regular term of the Circuit Court.

CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk Circuit Court.

A true copy from the record.
Witness my hand and seal this 27th day of April, A. D. 1918.
(Seal) CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk of the Circuit Court. 25-4t

Order of Publication.

State of Missouri, ss.
County of Ripley, ss.
In the Circuit Court of Ripley County, to the June Term, A. D. 1918.
Andrew M. Hughes, Administrator of C. C. Hughes, deceased, Plaintiff, vs. Fred Cunningham and Clarence Cunningham, Defendants. Suit in Attachment.

The State of Missouri to the above named defendants, Greeting:
You are hereby notified that the above named plaintiff did on the 21st day of April, 1918, file with the undersigned clerk of the Circuit Court of Ripley County, Mo., in vacation, his petition and affidavit, of Jas. F. Fulbright, his agent and attorney, stating among other things that the defendants are non-residents of the State of Missouri so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. It is therefore ordered by the undersigned clerk aforesaid, in vacation, that publication be made notifying them that an action has been commenced against them by petition and affidavit for the sum of one hundred and eighty dollars with interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the date of the filing of the petition, and that the object and general nature of said action is founded upon a note executed by the defendants on the 10th day of November 1915, and due 12 months after date, to wit: the 10th day of November 1916, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from date until paid. That property described as follows to-wit:

All the southwest quarter and the west half of the southeast quarter of section eighteen, township twenty-three, range four east, in Ripley County, Mo., has been attached and that unless they be and appear at the next regular term of this court to be held in Doniphan, Ripley County, Mo., on the 4th Monday in June next to answer their petition or demand to the petition, the same will be taken as confessed and judgment rendered against the defendants accordingly.

You are further notified that a copy hereof be published in the RIPLEY COUNTY DEMOCRAT, a weekly newspaper published in Doniphan, for four weeks successively the last insertion of said order to be at least thirty days before the first day of the next regular term of the Circuit Court.
CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk Circuit Court.

(Seal) A true copy from the record.
Witness my hand and seal this 27th day of April, A. D. 1918.
CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk Circuit Court. 25-4t

Order Of Publication.

State of Missouri, ss.
County of Ripley, ss.
In the Circuit Court of Ripley County, Mo., to the June Term, A. D. 1918.
Grace Hopkins, Plaintiff, vs. J. C. Hopkins, defendant. Action for a divorce.

The State of Missouri to the above named defendant, Greeting:
You are hereby notified that the above named plaintiff has on this 6th day of April, A. D. 1918, filed with the undersigned clerk of the Ripley County Circuit Court in vacation her petition duly verified by her affidavit alleging among other things that the defendant herein is a non-

"Madame, it would be awfully good of you if you could find a little can de cologne for me. A few drops would do. I am really ashamed to be brought into your presence in such a dreadfully unclean condition."

The tones are soft and clear and just a trifle affected.

No Sympathy Desired.

The three officers rise and dash forward.

"Why, it is X—!"

"Here I am," he replied. "A little late, but I was occupied."

"Where are you wounded?"

"The young man, very pale, lifts the covering and raises with an effort the stump of an arm."

"You have lost an arm? Already amputated?"

"Yes, it was a very ugly bruised mess and disfigured me, so we had it off."

"Poor old chap!"

"Nonsense. With a nice little artificial hand with a glove over it, no one will tell the difference. Besides, it's cleaner for some purposes. You fellows used to make fun of my gloves. I was just practicing."

"X—, you are wonderful. And how were things going when you left the front?"

"Fine, marvelously. The Boches were falling like tennies. And not an inch did they gain, my boy, not a single inch."

resident of the State of Missouri so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon him in this State.

It is therefore ordered by the undersigned clerk of the Ripley County Circuit Court in vacation that publication be made notifying said defendant that an action has been commenced against him in the Circuit Court of Ripley County, Missouri, the object and general purpose of which is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony heretofore contracted with said defendant, and unless he be and appear at the next regular term of the Ripley County Circuit Court to be held in the City of Doniphan in the County of Ripley and State of Missouri on the 4th Monday in June A. D. 1918 to answer their petition or demand to the petition, the same will be taken as confessed and judgment rendered according to the prayer thereof.

It is further ordered by the undersigned clerk aforesaid that a copy of this order be published in the RIPLEY COUNTY DEMOCRAT, a weekly newspaper published in Ripley County, Missouri for four weeks successively the last insertion of said order to be at least thirty days before the first day of the next regular term of this Court.

CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk Circuit Court.

A true copy from the record. Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of April, A. D. 1918.
(Seal) CHAS. O. BOOKER, Clerk Circuit Court. 25-4t

WE WANT a man or woman in every town where we are not already represented, to introduce BROWN HERB TABLETS guaranteed remedy for Constipation, Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Over 100% profit. Key seller, repeat orders. Permanent income. Write for pamphlet, FREE SAMPLES and terms. BROWN HERB CO. 68 Murray St, New York City.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A hair preparation of merit. For itching scalp and dandruff. For restoring color and beauty to gray or faded hair. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists.

ATEXAS WONDER
THE Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism and all irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. If not sold by your druggist, write to Geo. H. Atwater, 1015 Broadway, New York City, for a free trial bottle. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from this and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2222 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists.—Adv.

Young Man Wanted.
To qualify for civil service or business position; salary \$840 to \$1800 per year; experience unnecessary. I will pay half your tuition and help defray your expenses while learning in exchange for a few hours assistance at your home. This offer is limited, must be accepted immediately. C. W. Ransom, President, Ransomian Business School, 1334 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Write him at once for full particulars. 14 52t

It is Summertime in FLORIDA
and along the Gulf Coast of TEXAS
CALL and write the Frisco agent and let him help you plan a winter trip.
Escape from the cold, the ice and snow—take advantage of the low fares that are now in effect. You will be agreeably surprised at what a small sum of money is necessary to take you to Summertime via Frisco Lines.
Our service is of the best and our dining cars are served by Fred Harvey.
No matter where you want to go consult a Frisco agent. He is always pleased to assist in planning a trip, to quote fares, to give train schedules, to make sleeping car reservations, and so forth.

FRISCO LINES
A. HILTON, Passenger Traffic Manager, St. Louis

"The courage which has not as stimulus the fever and intoxication of battle, the call of duty or the example of a superior, courage naked and sublime, is the courage on the hospital bed.
Reminiscences of the Day.
The wounded continued to arrive. There are hardly any beds unoccupied. Some young officers who can be moved—broken arms, bullet in the shoulder and general wounds—will be sent to the rear in the evening. They are seated around a fire in their muddy uniforms, which are torn and stained with blood, and they chat in low tones, for there are three comrades in bed near them. They are talking of the recent fighting and their movements are feverish and their eyes shine.
"How funny you looked, old man," says one to another, "as you ran forward, with your hair in the wind and a bagful of grenades on your stomach like an opossum."
"Did you see Lieutenant X—?" After the first attack he waved his yellow gloves and said in that mincing voice of his: "Is not this shelling ridiculous? Those poor Boches have no sense of art."
"All the same, with his gloves and his funny voice, X— is more reckless than all of us together."
"Oh, for reckless bravery!"
"Another stretcher shakes the stairs. At the top there is a pause. Then a gentle voice is heard:

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